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THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

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The deep sympathy of the Queen's subjects has gone out from every quarter of the globe to Her Majesty and her loved daughter in the sad death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Prince Henry, our readers will remember, embarked for Africa on Dec. 8 last as a member of the staff of Sir Francis Scott. On the march from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, he contracted the deadly coast fever, and was obliged to return to the coast and take ship for home. He embarked on H. M. S. 'Blonde' on Jan. 17, but died on Jan. 20.

The Prince was born in 1858. He was the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and brother of the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. He was married to the Princess Beatrice, the youngest child of the Queen, in 1885. He leaves four children—Prince Alexander Albert, born Nov. 23, 1886; Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena, born 1887; Prince Leopold Arthur Louis, born 1889, and Prince Maurice Victor Donald, born 1891.

Prince Henry is described as a very handsome man. At the time of his marriage, before he cultivated a beard, his clear-cut features and military moustache, with a fine, upright bearing and a graceful carriage, made him particularly noticeable when he appeared, as he frequently did, in the white uniform and glistening helmet and breastplate of a German Cuirassier regiment. But he adapted himself well to English ways and English fashions; and he looked as much at home in a frock coat or a shooting-jacket as he did in uniform, and he appeared to be quite as comfortable in a kilt as in either.

Among other British occupations he took up that of yachting. There were few amateurs better skilled than he of late years in sailing a pleasure craft, and his yacht 'Sheila' was familiar, not only at Cowes, but in French waters along the Bay of Biscay, and in the Mediterranean.

The Princess Beatrice was born on April 14, 1857, and so was only a little over three years old when her noble father, the Prince Consort, died. It is a matter, says a late English paper, for which not only the Queen's children, but the British nation, have much cause for thankfulness, that Her Majesty rightly considered the training of her children of paramount importance. She remained the chief authority in nursery matters, and supervised every detail of the children's training. She has herself said, 'The greatest maxim of all is that the children should be brought up as simply as possible, and in as domestic a way as possible; that, not interfering with their lessons, they should be as much as possible in charge of their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things. Religious training is best given to a child at its mother's knee.'

In the childhood of her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, the Queen gave instructions for her religious education, which were afterwards followed in the case of all the Royal children. She said:

'I am quite clear she should have great reverence for God and religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view; and that she should be made to know as yet no difference of creeds, and not

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND HER CHILDREN.

think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers.'

The Queen kept the religious instruction of her children largely in her own hands. A story is told that when the Archdeacon of London was catechising the young Princes, he said, 'Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly.' At which the boys said, 'Oh, but it is mamma who teaches us the catechism.' It is not generally known that the Queen occasionally taught a Bible class for the children of those in attendance at Buckingham Palace, and that, it having come to her knowledge that the children of the servants and attendants at the Palace were without the means for ordinary instruction, she commanded that a school should be started for them at Pimlico, and herself showed the greatest interest in its management.

When the children were young, all goods purchased for their wear were submitted to the Queen, and it was at her command that only the plainest fare was sent to the nursery; 'quite poor living—only a bit of roast meat, and perhaps a plain pudding,' one of the servants told Baron Bunsen, adding that the Queen would have made 'an admirable poor man's wife.' As the Princesses grew older they were taught to take care of their clothes. One of the Queen's chief anxieties was that they should be kept free from the enervating influences of rank and power, self-indulgence and flattery. They were taught consideration for the feelings of others, and to be universally polite.

In the beautiful glimpses which the Queen, in her writings and letters to relatives, has given of the home life of herself and children, no one can fail to see how thoroughly healthy has been their mental and moral training. In the earlier years of the Princess Beatrice the world heard more of the elder members of the Royal Family than of herself. She was but a baby when her eldest sister became the wife of the late Prince Frederick William, father of the present German Emperor, and but a child six years of age when her brother, the Prince of Wales, was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

As the youngest, it is only natural to suppose the Princess has received that special love which a mother is believed to cherish for her latest-born without in the least robbing her other children of that affection to which they may fairly lay claim. She is highly gifted intellectually, and the graces of face and figure are but the faint reflex of a mind more than ordinarily well cultivated. The Princess is said to excel not only in the usual feminine accomplishments, but in some of them to have marked out a path for herself, of which, perhaps, the world would have heard more had she filled a less exalted position. This is believed to apply especially to music and painting, the Princess not only being an accomplished musician, but also a good composer. Her lamented father's gift in this direction will not be forgotten by any who have heard some of the tunes composed by him, two or three of them being special favorites in many places of worship.

In the heavy sorrow which fell upon the Queen in the year 1878, by the death of her beloved daughter, Princess Alice, while comforted and sustained by the love of all her children, it will not be forgotten that it was the Princess Beatrice who was constantly with the Queen, doing her utmost to sustain her under so severe a trial to all the members of the Royal house, but especially to the mourning monarch. When, during the same year, it was deemed advisable for Her Majesty to seek a temporary change of scene and to travel abroad, the nation at large heard with satisfaction that the Queen would be accompanied by the Princess Beatrice. During this trip the newspapers from time to time described, with interesting particularity, the pleasant walks and drives, the shoppings at Baveno, and the visits to the lovely islands that dot the surface of the lake, suggesting the picture of calm enjoyment.

Since their marriage Princess Beatrice and her late husband have been the devoted companions of the Queen. They might have taken the words of Ruth to Naomi and applied them to themselves: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee.' Death has now parted them, and the mother and daughter are left to mourn over the son-in-law and husband. The spirit of tender compassion for the sufferings and sorrows of others which has characterized both these ladies is now being bestowed on them by a nation; but human sympathy can do but little to assuage the grief of the broken-hearted. This is the office of One who, as the Man of Sorrows, was tempted like as we are, but is now exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to bind up the broken-hearted; and this One it is their blessed privilege to know.

Messages of condolence to the Queen and Princess Beatrice have poured in from all parts, and in such numbers that Sir Arthur Bigge remarked on Friday, Jan. 24, that they were coming in in shoals, and that it was taking all their time to answer them.

The remains of the Prince were brought to England by the first-class cruiser 'Blenheim,' Captain Poe, which left Portland at nine on Saturday night, Jan. 25, for Madeira, under an order from the Admiralty. Upon its arrival at Portsmouth harbor the body was transferred to the Royal yacht 'Alberta,' and thus brought over to Cowes.

The funeral, in accordance with a testamentary wish on the part of the Prince, was in Whippingham Church, and was a military one, conducted under the direction of the Commander of the Southern District, Gen. Davis. The Isle of Wight Volunteers—of which the late Prince was honorary colonel—troops from Portsmouth, and the Cameronian Rifles took part in the procession. The Princess Beatrice herself drew up the programme of the funeral music. Arrived at the church, a solemn and affecting service was held, after which the remains were placed in a vault, specially constructed, near the Royal pew.

LOVE YOUR BOYS.

Not long ago a lady who is a teacher of about a dozen boys in a Sunday-school said to her superintendent, 'I love my boys, and I enjoy teaching them.' That was enough to account for the fact that she is in her place every Sunday in the year, and is a worker that can be relied upon. There is nothing like a love for one's work to make it pleasant and successful.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON XIII.—March 29, 1896.
Luke 1-12.

REVIEW.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever shall confess me before men him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.—Luke 12: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1: 1-80, Lesson I.
T. Luke 2: 1-3: 38, Lesson II., III.
W. Luke 4: 1-5: 39, Lessons IV., V.
Th. Luke 6: 1-7: 50, Lessons VI., VII.
F. Luke 8: 1-9: 50, Lessons VIII., IX.
S. Luke 9: 51-10: 42, Lesson X.
S. Luke 11: 1-12: 59, Lessons XI., XII.

REVIEW EXAMINATION.

Who was the forerunner of Christ? Who announced this forerunner's coming? To whom? By what prophet had it been foretold? Where was Christ born? By whom was his birth announced? To whom? What happened then? Repeat the angel's song. Where did Jesus live in childhood? Where did he go when he was twelve years old? Why? What happened? Where was he found? Where did he then go? What trade did he learn?

How did John the Baptist fulfil his mission? Who came to him to be baptized? What happened at his baptism? Repeat the words spoken from heaven. How old was Jesus at this time? Luke 3: 23.

While on a visit to Nazareth what did Jesus do? What prophet's words did he read? Whom did they describe? What did Jesus say about them? How did the people treat him? Where did he then go? While Jesus was preaching in Capernaum, who was brought to him? How? What did Jesus say to the sick man? How did he prove his power to forgive sins? Whom did Jesus choose as companions and helpers? Name them. What great discourse did he then deliver? Which gospel has the fullest account of this sermon?

Who had a very sick servant? How did he show faith in Jesus? What did Jesus say about this faith? How did he reward it? Whose son did Jesus now bring to life? Who was healed by touching Jesus's garment? What did he say to her? Luke 8: 48. Whose daughter did Jesus raise from the dead?

Who did the disciples say the people said Jesus was? What did Jesus then ask? What did Peter reply? What did Jesus foretell? What did he say about self-denial and cross-bearing? About saving life and losing it? About being ashamed of him? What did a certain lawyer ask Jesus? What did Jesus say? What did the lawyer then ask? What story did Jesus tell in reply? What practical lesson does this story teach us? What prayer did Jesus teach his disciples? What promises did he make about prayer?

What kind of servants did Jesus say would be blessed? How did he describe unfaithful servants? How does intemperance make a servant unfaithful? What will be the unfaithful servant's punishment? What the faithful servant's reward?

LESSON I.—April 5, 1896.

Luke 24: 1-12.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

EASTER LESSON.

Commit to Memory vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24: 6.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was the third day since Jesus died on the cross. The light of the new morning was beginning to steal over the dark hills of Moab when some women who loved Jesus came to the tomb where he lay. They brought sweet spices and ointments to anoint his body.

As they came near the tomb they saw that the great stone was rolled away from the door, and they wondered and were afraid. They thought the body had been stolen, and they hurried into the grave, which was a room cut in the solid rock. The body of Jesus was not there! But two shining angels were there, and they asked the trembling women, 'Why do you seek the living one among the dead?' Then they told the wonderful, glorious news, how the living one had risen from the dead, to die no more forever. The angel asked if they did not remember how Jesus told them when he was in Galilee that he must die, and that on the third day he would rise again. They had forgotten it, but now they remembered his words, and their hearts were full of joy and hope.

They hurried away from the tomb to tell the other disciples about it, but they could not believe such wonderful news. Peter ran to the tomb and saw the linen clothes folded and lying there, and he went away wondering what it all ment.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 24: 1-12, The Resurrection of Christ.
T. Matt. 28: 1-10, Matthew's Record of it.
W. Mark 16: 1-11, Mark's Story.
Th. John 20: 1-18, The Beloved Disciple's Account.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 1-20, The Great Apostle's Testimony.
S. 1 Pet. 1: 1-25, The Witness of Peter.
S. Rev. 1: 1-20, 'Alive for Evermore.'

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Coming of the Women, vs. 1-3.
II. The Ministry of Angels, vs. 4-8.
III. The Carrying of the Message, vs. 9-12.

Time.—April 9, A.D. 30, Sunday morning, the third day after the crucifixion.

Place.—A garden outside the walls of Jerusalem, near the place of the crucifixion.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

Our regular course of study in the Gospel of Luke gives us a lesson upon the Risen Lord, on June 21, another subject being allotted to to-day. But in order to meet what is believed will be the general preference, this Easter Lesson has been substituted for the lesson for to-day in the regular course. That nothing may be missed, however, from this important course of study in Luke's Gospel, the omitted lesson and its connections are given in the Home Readings for next week. The Home Readings for this week should be carefully read. They embrace the account of Jesus's resurrection, as given in all the gospels; Paul's testimony that the risen and ascended Saviour actually appeared to him; Peter's glowing words about the resurrection of Christ; and the word spoken to John in Patmos by Jesus who was dead but is alive for evermore and has the keys of hell and of death. In studying the lesson, compare it step by step with the three other accounts.

QUESTIONS.

Upon what day was Jesus crucified? When was he buried? Who witnessed his burial? What did they then do? Luke 23: 50-56. How was the tomb secured? Matt. 27: 62-66. Who went to the tomb early on the first day of the week? What did they find? Vs. 2, 3. Who appeared to them? What did they say? Vs. 5, 6, 7. What did the women then do? How was their story received? What did Peter do?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Love lives on even when hope is dead.

2. We should bring the spices of love to the living Christ.

3. Christ rose, thus conquering the last enemy and lives evermore.

4. If we would remember Christ's words, it would save us from much darkness.

5. We may all be messengers of the resurrection to others.

ILLUSTRATION.

'Risen.' V. 6. There are 'many infallible proofs of the resurrection.' Acts 1: 3. 1. The twelve appearances of Jesus after his resurrection. 2. The repeated references to the resurrection as a well-attested fact in the midst of the generation familiar with the incidents and not a single denial can be found. Acts ii., 32, 36; iii., 13; iv., 10; v., 31, 32. 3. The declaration made in the most public places, Jerusalem, Corinth, Athens, Rome. 4. The statement of Paul that Christ is not our Redeemer if he did not rise. 1 Cor. xv., 14. A man never risks everything on a single argument unless absolutely certain of his position. 5. The holy lives of the men who proclaimed the doctrine of the resurrection and who persisted in their statement in the face of suffering and death. They gave their lives in defence of the doctrine. 6. Their phenomenal success in establishing the Christian church on the basis of resurrection. 7. The establishment of the first day of the week as the Lord's day in commemoration of the event. The first six observances of the Lord's day was among primitive Christians a badge of discipleship. We must believe God's word before we can understand it. Beside the grave of Lazarus Jesus said to Martha, 'Said I not unto thee that if thou would'st believe thou should'st see?' Jno. xi., 40. Christ's resurrection is the only proof we need of the fact but there are many things in our daily lives that illustrate the resurrection. The phonograph reproduces the tones of the beloved voice long after the one who uttered the words has gone. The worn, rejected, soiled rag comes from the mill a pure white sheet of paper. The old battered cup, so black it is impossible to tell its original metal, appears again a golden chalice. If man can do such things as these, is not God equal to the resurrection? Our Father has not left us without analogies of the resurrection in nature. Light dies, darkness shuts us in, but morning dawns again bright and beautiful. The tiny brown acorn, dead for many a century, planted, springs up and becomes a tree of life and beauty. The corn dropped into the soil soon waves in the summer breeze above the black earth, once its grave. The shrouded, coffined worm reappears a gorgeous, animate butterfly. If Almighty power can do such things as these, 'why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?' Acts xxvi., 8. But our faith in the resurrection should be practical and experimental. Not a dead Saviour but a risen Christ is the believer's joy. The world saw Jesus on the cross, none but believers ever looked into his face after his resurrection. The cross is the beginning, not the end, of Christian experience.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DANGER IN THE KITCHEN.

Mrs. C. F. Wilder, the vice-president of the Kansas National Household Economic Association, says in a recent paper:

I have been reading, lately, that interesting book, 'Ptomaines and Leucomaines,' by Vaughan and Novy, and I have been struck with the number of instances cited where poison crept into the milk. One case is given where a whole family was poisoned from milk kept in the pantry of an old house with rotten timbers and no cellar. Under the house was a place for collecting rain-water. The floor was of unjointed boards, and every time the tidy housewife swept, scoured, or washed her floor, the filth went through the crevices and remained beneath ready for putrefactive changes. In the pantry, where the milk was kept, the floor, from more frequent scrubbing, had rotted away, and a second layer of boards had been placed over the original floor. The house-mother spent her days in keeping this home clean and comfortable for her family, but the more she scoured and scrubbed the more harm she was doing. The father, a healthy farmer about fifty years of age, his wife, his son, eighteen, and daughter, sixteen, were all sick with nausea and vomiting, and three of the family died in great agony of tyrotoxicon formed in the milk kept in that old pantry. Other poison was obtained from the same source, and given to a kitten, which died in great agony.

When one's attention is attracted to any given subject the world seems to be full of that subject. In yesterday's paper was an account of slow poisoning from using milk where bacteria were present, coming from the hands of the milker. Many a babe has died from a neglected nursing-tube on its milk bottle. Daily cleansing, in warm suds, of the bottle, and discarding the long tube, is the child's only salvation. Soda water freely poured on what rubber is used, and thorough washing at each time of using, is an absolute necessity.

Did you ever taste the cream for your coffee after it had been all night next a platter of raw steak in a refrigerator that was poorly ventilated? Did you know that milk drawn in the evening and put in a cool place during the night will keep longer than the morning's milk that is shut at once in cans for delivery? Early cooling to a low temperature is the best way to keep milk sweet.

We have so far advanced in knowledge that typhus fever is beginning to be a thing of the past. We are learning that sewer-gas, filth and decay mean death and destruction. We are learning how to prepare our food, what to prepare, what to put in the refrigerator, and what to keep from ice if we would preserve the delicate flavor. We have learned what direct sunlight does toward destroying bacteria, and our sleeping rooms and our living rooms are daily opened to the fresh air and the bright sunshine.

Prof. Marshall Ward made an interesting report not so very long ago to the Royal Society of England. He exposed a flask of water, containing thousands of anthrax spores, to the light of the sun for several days. The spores were all killed. He then put spores on gelatine plates and covered with a sort of stencil-plate and exposed them to the sun from two to six hours. The plate was then put into an incubator, and, when afterwards held up to the light, a transparent marking could be seen where the sun struck the gelatine and the spores were destroyed on an otherwise opaque plate.

The different dangers in our homes differ in quantity and quality. Selmi, the Italian toxicologist, found ptomaines, that gave reactions similar to those of strychnine, in decomposed corn-meal. Other chemists have found in decomposed corn-meal, in mouldy corn-bread, poisons that produced paralysis; have found ptomaines that produced symptoms of nicotine poisoning.

Fish, eels, ham, canned meats and bread, in certain conditions, have been found to contain bacterial poisons. Beef broth, soups, stews and roasts, under certain conditions, have been found to contain leucomaines. One Saturday, in my own home, the cook wished to be away over Sunday. She prepared the chickens for Sunday's dinner, covered them while warm, and put them away in the refrigerator. Sunday afternoon each member of the family was ill. The cause of illness was laid to the chickens, and the weekly order for the usual supply countermanded. I did not know at that time that the hidden danger crept in after the chickens were cooked. My ignorance might have killed my family.—'Zion's Herald.'

HEALTH ON THE FARM.

(By Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.)

One might naturally suppose that people who live on a farm would be very healthy, and perhaps, as a rule, farmers are longer-lived than most people, yet cases of severe sickness often occur. When a person is sick we may know that some law of nature has been violated or broken.

Now, it is one law of nature that people must breathe good air. If they do not they get sick. One would think that country people might have good air. The fresh breezes of heaven blow all around them. Yet it is a fact that country people often breathe very bad air. In some places there are marshes, or other lands, where vegetation is all the while decaying, and what is called malaria fills the atmosphere, and people breathe it and get fever and ague and other diseases. Then again, people let their cellars get dirty, instead of keeping them, as they should be, sweet and clean. The walls are damp and mouldy; old boxes and barrels are there; apples and potatoes and onions and cabbages decay in them, and from all these things arise bad, unhealthy smells, filling the rooms above, and so people breathe the bad air and get ill, and perhaps have diphtheria or some other terrible sickness.

Again, the sink drain is neglected, and bad air comes into the house; or filthy outhouses and yards send forth their unhealthy odors and help in the sad work.

But it is not bad air alone that makes people sick. Bad water is a cause of disease. People are sometimes careless about the water they drink and with which they cook. The well or cistern may not be clean. The water may seem clean and yet be very impure. The barnyard or some other filthy place may be so near that the water in the well is made bad by impurities draining into it from those sources. Cases of typhoid fever have resulted from such a cause. Probably any decaying animal matter in water, if there is enough of it, is likely to cause fever. I remember an article entitled 'Death in the Dish-cloth,' in which the writer expressed the opinion that typhoid fever in a certain family was caused by dirty dish-cloths. See that these be kept sweet and clean. Especially if the dish-water used contains milk is it necessary to be particular.

Again, farmers often overwork. They do not take time enough to rest. Our bodies are not made to endure constant labor very long. They wear out as other machinery does, and, although nature is a good hand to repair damages, her laws must be obeyed or man must suffer.

Then, too, some farmers try to get rich too fast, and for this reason, or others, worry and fret a good deal, which is always bad for health. It even wears people out faster, perhaps, than work.

Again, to be clean is a great help towards being well, and some farmers—must I say it?—are not always cleanly in their persons.

But this is not all. Of all persons who have the means to live well, none, probably, are more careless about the healthfulness of their food than some farmers' families are; and although in this respect nature is as kind as she can be, and pay-day does not always seem to come immediately, it comes surely, and men break down with dyspepsia or some other disease, and die. Other farmers are too careless about taking cold; so consumption and pneumonia come. Then many farmers use tobacco, which is a poison; and still others, even the worse poison, alcohol. For all these reasons, not to mention others, country people sicken and die.

Now, to keep well, it is necessary to be careful regarding these things. Having clean houses, clean yards, clean bodies, pure air, pure water, good food and drink, plenty of rest and sleep, leading a pure, calm, wholesome and happy life, keeping a good conscience and a sweet trust in God, the farmer may hope that his days will be long in the land which the Lord his God has given him.—'Morning Star.'

THE CELLAR STAIRS.

'If I never accomplish another thing,' said a woman architect, who is a great enthusiast in her line, 'I hope to revolutionize the prevailing ideas on cellar stairs. If it is important for the members of the household to have easy, comfortable stairs to go to the second story, it is a thousand times more important to be able to get up and down cellar without the tremendous wear and tear incident on the use of the cellar stairs in most houses that I know of. I think one of the reasons why basements are so much disliked, and why people think their lives are worn out in coming and going from basement to dining-room, is because the stairs are so badly managed. They generally occupy some angle that seems of little use for anything else, and are as steep as they can be with any degree of regard for good sense. What I want to do is to make the cellar stairs the easiest of any in the house. I want them to start at some agreeable angle, go up about four steps, and furnish a broad landing with a folding-shelf in one corner—a shelf that may be thrown up against the wall and hooked entirely out of the way when not needed. Then I should approve of a rise of five or six steps more and another landing.

'It is all very well to say that this would take up too much space; that really has nothing to do with the case. If there is not room enough, make it, for there is no place where it is so much needed as here. The two landings, which should be broad and roomy, break the distance and let the woman get a fresh start to finish the ascent. All women know that they can go up three or four steps and keep their skirts out of the way, but when it comes to a dozen or fifteen, this is out of the question. At the top of the stairs I should like to have room for three or four deep shelves either at one side or the other. The lower one may be reached from the wide landing. On this what things are needed from the cellar may be placed, involving about half the labor of bringing up the articles for a meal. When things must be put away, they can be taken to the lower shelf; from there they are reachable again from the landing and can easily be set down on the folding shelf described.

'It goes without saying that men have been building cellars all these years, and men do not wear petticoats and are not supposed to realize the strain and weariness of poking a lot of cloth from under one's feet every time it is necessary to go up some steps. When I have my way I shall still further modify the arrangement by building a small dumb-waiter just sufficient to take the food articles downstairs. This, of course, is meant for houses where the dining-room is on the main floor, but basement and cellar stairs alike are the most wearisome things that I know of about the house. They are arranged with no idea of saving strength, but seem to be put in as an absolute necessity to be gotten through with in the smallest space and with the least expenditure of time and labor that can be imagined.

'I verily believe that half of the dread of housework and meal-getting would be removed if one had stairs that were not so killing to go up and down. It is an excellent idea to have an old carpet on the cellar stairs, or a piece of canvas. This keeps the skirts from getting soiled, and is much more agreeable for the feet. When I build a house I am going to have everything easy, convenient and labor-saving about the kitchen. The rest of the dwelling, where people idle and do not exert themselves, will be entirely secondary.'—New York 'Ledger.'

IN JACKETS OR OUT?

(By Helen Campbell.)

While the potato in Ireland—where it is the principal food—is considered unfatable if cooked without its jacket, and while England is inclined to the same view, the American resents its appearance in this form as an evidence of poor housekeeping, and a token that the cook has been too lazy to do her work properly. The epicure demands a potato in its skin, and, though he may not know why the flavor is better in this state, insists that thus and thus only shall it come before him. Now comes the scientific man to confirm his verdict and to give the reasons why those who are not epicures, but simply people with fair appetites which they prefer to have satisfied in their own fashion, should overcome ancient prejudice and restore to the potato its former rights.

The 'Popular Science Monthly' reprinted the essays of W. Mattieu Williams on the 'Chemistry of Cookery,' and for all who have a limited supply of fruits or vegetables his statement has a special importance, the paragraph quoted being really merely a new presentation of the statements made by the best authorities on dietetics.

'Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets, and will state my reasons. From fifty-three to fifty-six percent of the saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of the blood—so important that in Norway, where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and according to Lang and other good authorities it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food. Potash salts are freely soluble in water; and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filtering, and adding the usual potash test, platinum chloride. It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin only occurs at quite the latter stage of the cookery.'

The travelled American has accepted jackets as the proper state for the potato of fashionable society. The well-to-do American, with his profusion of vegetables to choose from, may cleave to old ways if he will, but the poor, or the many in our farming communities who, strangely enough, have small sense of how much the farm could yield in addition to its standard crops, and confine themselves summer and winter to salt food—pork or beef—have special need of all that their few vegetables can do for them, and will, it is hoped, carefully follow the new-old fashion of jackets on.—'The Christian Work.'

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

This most noted of animal painters of our time came of a family of artists. His father, John Landseer, A.R.A., was a well-known engraver and writer on art, and three of his brothers were painters and engravers of good reputation. His mother was the Miss Potts who sat to Reynolds as the gleaner, with a sheaf of corn on her head in 'Macklin's Family Picture,' or 'The Cottagers.' So carefully was the young Landseer trained by his father that at five years old he drew fairly well, and excellently at eight. At ten he was considered an admirable draughtsman, and his etchings showed considerable sense of humor. When only thirteen he drew a magnificent St. Bernard dog, so finely that his elder brother, Thomas, engraved and published it. He also at this time sent two paintings to the Royal Academy, where they were entered as from an 'Honorary Exhibitor,' he being much too young to be entered as an artist in full. These were the 'Portrait of a Mule' and 'Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy.' At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in 1817 he sent to the academy a painting of 'Old Brutus.' This favored dog appeared in after years in many of his paintings, as did his son, another Brutus. Young Landseer was all this time a most diligent student and a great favorite among the masters. One of them used to look around the crowded class and ask, 'Where is my little dog boy?'

The picture in which is illustrated the culmination of his early youth and strength is 'Fighting Dogs Getting Wind,' which was exhibited in 1818. Up to this time the chief value of his works lay in their vigor in design, perfection of execution and minute finishing. But the wonderful sentiment of his paintings was not shown until later.

In 1824 Landseer left his father's house and set up for himself at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road. About this time he produced the well-known picture of the 'Cat's Paw.' This picture created a great sensation, and was the first picture for which he received any considerable money return. It was the £100 he received for this which enabled him to set up for himself. In 1824 he went to the Highlands of Scotland, and repeated his visit there almost every year. In 1826 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. After this date his pictures increased greatly in sentiment. People enjoyed them not only for the accuracy with which they were done but even more for the story they told. His dogs and horses became gradually of a higher type, showing all the joys and griefs, nobleness and weaknesses of human beings. Where in his earlier years he gave the 'Cat Disturbed' and 'Fighting Dogs,' he now produced 'Jack in Office' and 'The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' In 1830 he was elected an R. A. By this time he had attained such a mastery with his brush that one picture, 'Spaniel and Rabbits,' he painted in two hours and a half, and 'Rabbits' in three-quarters of an hour. Or he would draw at the same time a deer's head with one hand and the head of a horse with the other. 'Suspense,' one of the finest of his works, was painted in 1834. It shows a magnificent mastiff watching by the door of his wounded master.

Now his works came to be in greater demand, and he began to receive larger prices. 'Peace and War' he sold for £1,500, and for the copyrights alone he obtained £6,000. In 1838 he exhibited 'A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society,' a dog lying on a quay wall; 'Dignity and Impudence,' a mastiff and a pug, in 1839; and the 'Lion Dog of Malta' and 'Laying Down the Law' in 1840. For 'Night' and 'Morning' he was awarded by a jury of French experts the great gold medal of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1855. In 1850 he was knighted. In 1864 he exhibited the gruesome picture, 'Man Proposes, God Disposes.' Polar bears clambering among relics of Sir John Franklin's unfortunate party. In this year he also produced 'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers.' In 1869 came the last triumph of his wonderful career, 'The Swannery Invaded by Sea Eagles.'

About this time his health began to break down, and after four years more, 'mainly of broken art and shattered mental powers,' he died on Oct. 1, 1873. He was buried in St. Paul's.

The saloon robs you of your manhood; shun it.

ONE STEP FURTHER.

The scientific and medical world has been startled by the wonderful discovery of the cathode rays, which penetrate wood, cloth, flesh and some other substances, and allow photographs to be taken of the more solid substance behind. Thus the bones in a human hand have been laid bare behind the flesh by means of the photographic lens; a long-lost bullet has been located in a man's leg; and a coin has been photographed through the enveloping purse. Suppose this process could be carried a step further ,and the thoughts in a man's brain could be pictured forth by the camera. What a shamefaced hiding of heads would there be! How some of us would avoid the cathode rays, if every angry, jealous, suspicious, censorious, unclean thought were laid bare! But there is a sensitive plate of character on which every such thought is imprinted. More and more the influence of mind over matter is coming to be understood, and the photographs of this camera are seen to make or mar our lives, and to last through time into eternity.—'Golden Rule.'

SAVED—By Sir Edwin Landseer.

'THAT BAD BOY.'

(By a Teacher.)

To the successful prosecution of every Christian work must be brought that humble quartette of virtues—'grace, grit, gumption and go.' Conspicuously are these sterling qualities required in infant-class teaching, where firmness must be mingled with gentleness and infinite patience; where variety and alertness must keep pace with youthful restlessness; where self-control must confront, at times, the entire lack of parental control; and where, high above all, must be sustained the purpose to make impressions for eternity on plastic hearts. Truly the position of teacher in this department is no unimportant one to fill faithfully, demanding an all-aroundness of ability which is rare.

An infant-class teacher whose twenty years' experience had reduced any crudeness of theory to a working basis, maintained that obedience to her expressed wishes was essential to the government of the class, and could be secured in all cases.

One boy—one bad boy—came near wrecking her well-constructed theory of years. Of a dark and scowling countenance, with averted eyes, this boy's whole nature seemed perverted. Ordinary kindness failed to win him, and rebuke rather gratified his desire for prominence. His devices for the annoyance of others seemed unlimited. As soon as one was discovered and checked, his hydra-headed spirit of mischief and malice invented several more. Reports of bad behavior to his mother but added another whipping to the many due him at home, serving only to harden and not correct. Exhausted by his repeated and endless disobedience, the teacher was almost tempted to condemn him as incorrigible and to forbid his attendance at the school. But a thought of the effect on the boy's possible future, confirming to himself, worst of all, his settled obstinacy, made her hesitate. Was there not some avenue to the boy's heart? He could not be utterly hardened.

After the class, one Sunday, she invited him to sit with her in church. To her surprise he consented, the boyhood in him seeming to be touched by the attention. She prudently sat near the door, lest whistling or other unchurchly manoeuvres claim his vagrant fancies. His behavior was astonishingly good for him, and though relapse set in the next Sunday, she felt sufficiently encouraged by her temporary success to proceed. She humored his whims privately, a brand-new experience to this much-whipped boy. An approaching new suit of clothes was the theme of repeated confidences. Praises rewarded the first feeble attempts at improved behavior, while she sought his help in any little service. Not lacking in ability—it had simply been perverted—the teacher encouraged his attention by frequently appealing to him for answers, or by drawing from him personal experiences, which children delight to give. Thus leading him on, self-respect was at length awakened in him.

Sunday by Sunday the improvement has visibly grown; the last one witnessed the advent of the much-talked-of new suit, while the old scowl had departed, replaced by a look of eager, intelligent interest. As a climax to the day's triumph, the boy's grandfather was proudly led into the room, and he heard, for the first time probably, that his grandson was a good boy.

THE LITTLE PROFESSOR.

There is no need to describe the Big Professor, for every one knows him.

His picture, with its keen, clever look, hangs in the photographer's window, and tells you what his outer man is like; his books are bought everywhere, and sometimes read, so you can find from them what his thoughts and opinions are.

But the Little Professor——?

That is a different thing.

His portrait stands only on the study table; and when he takes pen in hand and writes a letter, none is found learned enough to decipher the writing, and the housemaid consigns it to the waste-paper basket.

The Little Professor was perched on the garden gate waiting for the tram which would bring the Big Professor home. The perch was rather insecure, as his toes barely reached the bar on each side.

The Little Professor's soft, silky hair fell on his shoulders, and his clear blue eyes saw many things that those around him never saw.

The heavy tram lumbered up the hill, and the Little Professor was on the other side of the gate in a moment, rushing towards the quiet man who had spoken to no one on his way from the college.

A spring and a shout, and then the two turned homewards.

The vicar's wife, turning in at her gate, felt the sudden rush of pity that women will feel for children who are motherless, but the Little Professor was perfectly happy.

Half an hour later, when he ought to have been in bed, he sat by his father at the dinner-table, describing the events of the day.

The Big Professor was a wise man, and he expressed no doubt when the Little Professor told him of the lions and tigers and fairies that he had seen and talked with. He did not tell the child that he was not speaking the truth and send him away, for he knew that the Little Professor's blue eyes could see into a world that was closed to him.

Then Nurse carried the sleepy child to bed, and at breakfast his dreams suited conveniently any topic that was mentioned.

The little head with its yellow locks was in sight till the Big Professor was round the corner on his way to college; then Nurse's voice called: 'Master Clifford, Master Clifford!'

'He's *coming*,' said the boy, who generally spoke of himself in the third person.

The Big Professor was busy correcting the proofs of a book which would show the world how foolish it was to believe anything that could not be proved; and people said it would be one of the deepest books of the day.

But the Little Professor would have made you believe twenty impossible things in five minutes; and you would have learned what the bee said, and heard the butterfly talk, and seen fairies dancing on the lawn.

To the Big Professor the invisible was unreal, but to the Little Professor nothing was invisible; and his blue eyes had a look which his father's had lost long ago. Every night and morning he lisped his prayer that 'God would bless dear father, and make him a good little boy'; while on the study table lay proofs of the chapter which was to show how futile a thing prayer was to alter the laws of the universe.

One evening when the Big Professor came home, the Little Professor was not at the gate.

'I am early,' he said, but he entered the house hastily, and called, 'Little Professor!'

The nurse came to him.

'Master Clifford is not well,' she said, and he followed her into the darkened nursery, where the boy lay in his crib, hugging a toy lamb.

'He's tired,' said the Little Professor, 'and the lamb's tired. Kiss him, father.'

'I think, sir, he will be better in the morning,' said the nurse, remembering too well the night that the Little Professor became all that her master had in the world to care for.

But when the morning came the boy was really ill, and his father went for the doctor instead of going to the college.

'Not much the matter, is there?' asked the Professor, nervously, as the two stood in the study.

'I hope not,' said the doctor gravely. 'He must be kept quiet. I will come in again this afternoon.'

The Professor stood in the same place after he had left, looking stupidly at a child's top which lay on some uncorrected proofs.

There came a tap at the door, and the announcement:

'Please, sir, Master Clifford wants you.'

'What is it, my darling?' said the Professor as he bent over the crib.

'He's so tired,' said the child wearily, '*and something hurts* his head.'

'He will be better soon. Father will stay with him.'

'Sing "The Cat and the Owl,"' said the Little Professor, with a child's sudden fancy.

The Professor's vocal powers were small, and no one but his little son had ever heard his somewhat chromatic rendering of a few songs.

'Not now, dear,' he said, feeling that the nurse would not be an easy addition to the audience.

'Sing "The Cat and the Owl," please,' repeated the Little Professor, in the same tone, and the Big Professor sang with complete indifference to time—

'The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took with them honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapp'd up in a five-pound note;
The owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to the light guitar,
'Oh, pussy, dear pussy, oh pussy, my love
What a beautiful pussy you are."'

By the end of the chorus, the Professor was a tone and a half lower.

'Pussy said to the owl, "You illigant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing,
Too long we have tarried, so let us get married;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
So they sailed away for a year and a day
Till they came where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood.
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the pig, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day.
By the turkey that lives on the hill.
They fed upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand-in-hand by the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon.'

The heavy eyes were closing.

'Good-night, father. Good-night, nursie,' and the Little Professor was asleep.

The doctor came again, and he looked grave. Children so quickly fall ill.

For days and nights he lay weakly delirious, asking for things they could not understand, and crying pitifully.

'He wants a runcible spoon,' he said one day, and every spoon in the house was offered him in vain till his father brought a beautifully chased silver spoon from the study.

'The poor Professor,' said the doctor to the vicar's wife, whom he met in the garden.

'No better?' she said, thinking of the six healthy children she had just left, and of the tiny figure always waiting for his father on the garden gate.

'No better,' said the doctor. 'A delicate child, too sensitive and imaginative for the struggle.'

In the study the father sat alone.

He had come down from the nursery, where so often with failing voice he had had to sing 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat,' each time more hopelessly out of tune than the last.

Unanswered letters lay in disorder on the table, repeated requests from the printer for corrected proof.

He looked at them stupidly; then he took the top in his hand, and opened a drawer where there were colored marbles, and a toy whip, and a battered tin train.

He touched these things gently, and then he rested his weary head on the desk before him.

A knock came at the door.

'Please, sir, Master Clifford, is asking for you. Nurse has sent for the doctor,' and the poor little housemaid, who had loved the child as they all loved him, found that her voice was failing.

The Little Professor lay still, grasping his 'runcible spoon;' and he no longer babbled the nonsense he had talked for so long.

'Father.'

'My Little Professor! My darling.'

'He's so tired.'

'Go to sleep, dear. Father will stay here.'

'He hasn't said his prayers.'

'Never mind now, dear.'

'God will mind,' said the Little Professor, and in spite of all his learning the Big Professor knew that on these subjects the child's wisdom was deeper than his.

'But He won't mind if you say them 'stead,' said the child gravely.

The doctor had come into the room quietly, and saw the change.

'You say them, and he will say "Amen,"' said the Little Professor.

'Shall Nurse?' whispered the Big Professor, but the child answered, 'No, you, father.'

The Big Professor knelt down by the crib.

'Out loud,' said the boy. 'God likes us to say them out loud.'

What was he to say to satisfy the child?

'Out loud,' came again from the crib, and the poor father said:

'What shall I say, darling?'

'Oh, don't you know? "Pray, God, bless dear father——'

'Pray, God, bless dear father.'

'And make me a good little boy——'

'And make me a good litle boy.'

'And make him better to-morrow——'

'And . . . make . . . him . . . . better to-morrow . . .'

'Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. That's all. Good-night,' said the Little Professor in exactly the same tone. 'Better . . . to . . morrow . . .' and then there was silence in the room.

'He is sleeping,' said the doctor at last. 'Go down. I will stay here. It is the crisis.'

Not a sound in the quiet house.

A notice hung on the knocker asking visitors not to knock or ring, and the tearful housemaid waited about the hall.

'Master sees no one, sir,' she said to the vicar, 'and Master Clifford is so ill as he can be, and the doctor's here.'

In the study the Professor had at last fallen asleep, and he dreamed of his fair young wife, and days that would never come again.

Was his life to grow quite lonely, and was the house to be always quiet?

The door opened gently, and the doctor came in; then he waited patiently.

Suddenly the Professor started up.

'Yes, I am here, I am coming,' he said quickly.

The doctor had often had to break bad news, yet a lump was in his throat now.

The Professor looked at him and sank back in his chair.

'The crisis is over,' said the doctor unsteadily. 'He may live now.' And the Big Professor sobbed like a child.

'He may live,' said the little housemaid in the kitchen, and the cook subsided suddenly into a chair, and said, 'Thank God.'

* * * * *

Into the darkened nursery the Professor stole with noiseless tread.

'Father,' said a weak little voice.

'My darling.'

'Is it to-morrow?'

'Yes, Little Professor.'

'He is better.'

'Yes, dear. Father is so glad.'

For the first time for many days the Professor turned to his work, and he began to correct his proofs.

The printing was careful, a comma here—a capital there—yet he lingered over the pages.

Why had that chapter on Prayer come before him now?

A month ago a belief in prayer seemed an absurdity; nothing could be more conclusive than his arguments against it, but——

The Professor wrote to the printer and said that he must have some time in order that he might carefully revise the work; and the world is still waiting for it.

People say it will be a great loss to the world if it never appears, but the Little Professor thinks differently.

He is down again now in the study, looking whiter and fairer than ever, and the Big Professor, whose artistic skill is on a par with his musical powers, has covered the backs of the proofs with wonderful drawings of cats, and owls, and runcible spoons.

These pictures the Little Professor looks at while his father sings the song, pointing to each object in turn.

The printer is still expecting the revised proofs; perhaps under the Little Professor's influence the revision will be so complete that little of the original will remain.

But the pages are scattered on the study floor, and the Little Professor, shrieking with delight and brandishing his whip, is riding the Big Professor round and round the room.

'Poor man, he is wasting his powers,' said those who looked for the book in vain. 'He might have been a great man.'

But they little knew; for in the kingdom of the great ones the Professor has at last found an entrance through a door to the land of childlike spirits, held open to him by the tiny hands of the Little Professor.—E. M. Green, in 'Sunday at Home.'

POOR BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

Robert J. Burdette gives so many instances of great men who were poor boys that it would almost seem as if poor boys have a monopoly on success. He says:

'My son, the poor man takes all the chances without waiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes, he will soon own everything, and run the Texas man out of the country. He has crowded the rich out. But for the poor man the world would have cast anchor six thousand years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, like a United States man-of-war. Edgar Allan Poe was the son of a strolling player; George Peabody was a boy in a small grocery; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; John Adams was the son of a poor farmer; Gifford, the editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' was a common sailor; Ben Jonson, rare Ben Jonson, was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name: neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest son of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor to even have a trade; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln was a rail-splitter, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a prince; be glad that you did not strike twelve the first time. If there's a patch on your knee and your elbows are glossy there is some hope for you, but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind, has no chance, he deserves to have none; but the poor man monopolizes all the chances there are.'

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Canada spends an average of $16 per head annually on liquor and contributes an average of ten cents per head to missions. What are you doing to decrease the former and increase the latter?

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXII—Still More About Tobacco.

1. Do tobacco-users usually have sweet voices?

No, not after long use of the poison. Tobacco makes the tissues of the throat wither, and injures the vocal chords—the delicate strings of that beautiful instrument, the voice.

2. What is the result of this?

The voice becomes thick, husky, harsh or squeaky, losing its rich, musical tones.

3. Why do so many public speakers, clergymen and lawyers lose their voices?

Physicians who have studied the subject say that many of these cases of loss of voice are directly caused by the use of tobacco.

4. Do tobacco-users have beautiful teeth?

No, indeed. Their teeth grow yellow and disgusting in appearance.

5. But does tobacco really harm the teeth?

Yes, it poisons the tissues of the mouth, and loosens the gums. Often tobacco chewers actually wear out their teeth, so that they project but a little way beyond the gums.

6. Does tobacco affect the sight?

Yes, it benumbs the nerves of sight, and sometimes really paralyzes them. It is said that Americans are becoming 'a spectacled nation,' like the Germans, largely because of their use of tobacco.

7. Do you know any facts showing the harm done in this way?

A man in New Hampshire chewed, smoked and snuffed tobacco. He became nearly blind and sometimes was entirely deaf, with horrible ringing sounds in his head. He was persuaded to give up tobacco, and recovered both his sight and his hearing.

8. Are there many such cases?

Yes, a great many. A Boston medical paper says smokers must look to their eyes, for blindness, caused by paralysis of the nerves of sight, often occurs among smokers.

9. Why does not this occur among all smokers?

Some people are stronger than others, and can bear greater injury. But the fact that these troubles may come should keep every boy and girl from the use of tobacco.

10. What do you know of the effects of tobacco poison upon those associated with smokers and chewers?

It is very dangerous in its effects. Little children have been thoroughly poisoned and even killed by tobacco-using fathers, who smoked in their faces. And many women are said by physicians to have lost their health through constant living with tobacco-using husbands.

11. Have you ever heard of such a case?

Yes, there are many. A beautiful lady had become a suffering invalid, and her husband was in great grief that she must die. Finally a wise physician said to him, 'It is your tobacco that is killing your wife. Your breath and the very house in which she lives are poison to her from this cause.' The man gave up his tobacco and in a little his wife began to improve, and finally became quite well again.

12. But do not many good men use tobacco?

Yes, because they formed the habit without knowing its evil, and are now enslaved by it. But every one would have been better and purer and healthier without it. And almost every bad man and bad boy uses it and is made worse by it. It leads to other vices and to bad company, and is unfit for anybody who wishes to be pure and noble.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Many additional facts may be given to enforce this lesson. Dr. Wm. Dickinson says his observation of eye diseases for twenty-five years convinces him that blindness is very often caused by tobacco. An English surgeon says that of thirty-seven cases of paralysis of the optic nerve twenty-three were those of confirmed smokers. The influence on manners and morals is too constantly witnessed to need argument. The entire indifference of most tobacco-users to the discomfort they cause other people is one of the marked features of American life.

'TOO OLD.'

(By Helena H. Thomas.)

Frank Wilson had been carefully reared by Christian parents, and was in the main a credit to them, but it must be confessed that though he was a very bright boy for his age, he rather overrated himself and looked upon Frank Wilson as a superior sort of personage. From his short perspective, sixteen years seemed an advanced age, as he compared himself with his younger brothers and sisters, who were often heard to say behind his back, 'Frank thinks he knows it all.'

'Never mind,' said Mr. Wilson to his wife, who in speaking of her first-born, had expressed herself as wishing that he was more teachable, 'he is at the know-it-all age, but going where he is will be an eye-opener to him, I feel sure. Here he has always been leader of his set, and that has had a tendency to make him overrate himself, but my word for it, before he has been in New York a month he will underrate himself, if he goes to either extreme.' 'Well, perhaps so,' said the mother, with a sigh, 'but if he had taken a decided stand for Christ I should feel more at rest about him.' 'Well, wife, we have made his leaving home a subject of prayer, and now let us have faith that good will come out of it.'

Frank had just graduated from high school, and was on the eve of bidding his first farewell to his home in a New England village, when the foregoing conversation between his parents took place. Frank was ambitious to make his mark in the world and hoped for a college education, but the hard times had so crippled his father financially that when an old school-mate, a wealthy New York merchant, wrote, saying: 'I will give Frank a position in my store until times are better,' adding, 'He is young yet, a glimpse of city life may be the education he needs just now; anyhow, he can look upon going to college as simply deferred for the present.'

And so it was settled, and Frank, with bright hopes, started for the unknown city, followed by the prayers of his loving parents. But the boy did not realize his need of them, and eternity alone will reveal the pitfalls from which they saved him. On reaching the great city Frank went directly to the store of Mr. Wheeler, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was a person of little importance, as he patiently waited his turn to see the great merchant, as he now realized him to be as never before.

Mr. Wheeler greeted the son of his old friend kindly, saying: 'You look as your father did once, and I only hope you will make your life the grand success he has thus far.' Though the words pleased him, it was a mystery to Frank how the wealthy New York merchant could refer to his father's life as a successful one, when he had spent his days in the birthplace of Mr. Wheeler and was a pauper, in comparison to his old-time friend. But Frank had yet to learn that the great merchant was not speaking from a worldly standpoint, but of 'true riches,' and the highest success—a life spent in God's service, which to the son looked commonplace and beneath his aspirations. Mr. Wheeler had made arrangements for Frank to board in the home of one of his clerks—a Christian home, and one which proved in every way uplifting to the boy during his stay in the city. 'Come and dine with me to-morrow,' said Mr. Wheeler as he bade Frank good-night. 'I would like to introduce you to my family,' adding, 'as to-morrow is Saturday, just look the city over and begin work on Monday.' Frank could hardly believe that he was to be received as a guest in the palatial home into which he was ushered the next day, but he was not only received as a guest but greeted so cordially by every member of the family that he soon felt quite at home in spite of surroundings more elegant than he had ever dreamed of.

He soon forgot that Mr. Wheeler was a merchant-prince, as he answered all his kindly questions and rattled on in his usual fearless way, and to tell the truth said some things that had better have been left unsaid. To illustrate: After Mr. Wheeler had asked about the affairs of his old friend, Mr. Wilson, he became more personal and questioned Frank as to his school life, etc., who with some apparent pride, it must be confessed, told him how he had graduated from the high school, standing first in his classes.

Then Mr. Wheeler asked how the church of which his old friend was a member, was prospering. Frank was well posted as to the financial condition, number of members, etc., for he prided himself on being a regular church-goer, but when he was asked about the Sunday-school he opened his eyes and made a very foolish speech, saying: 'I do not know much about that, as I am too old to go to Sunday-school. I graduated from that before I entered the high school.'

At these words a very peculiar expression crept into the face of Mr. Wheeler, but being a very discreet man, he did not say what he thought. Frank felt greatly honored by being treated as an equal by Mr. Wheeler's oldest son, who had just graduated from college—that far-off goal. But it must be confessed that his modest bearing was something of an enigma to Frank, who could not understand how a full-fledged M. D. had so little to say of himself, for he had yet to learn that the more people really know the less they think they know.

At parting, Mr. Wheeler said: 'Ask the usher to show you to my pew when you go to church to-morrow,' adding, 'Mr. Davis, the one you are to board with, goes to the same church, but I would like to have you sit with us to-morrow.' Frank again felt flattered, not understanding that the long-headed merchant had 'an axe to grind' in so doing. The next day, as Frank entered the grand Fifth avenue church, and found himself in Mr. Wheeler's pew, surrounded by a vast audience of strangers, he half wished himself back in the little country church, where he felt that he was somebody, and every face was familiar. It was his first touch of homesickness, but not the last.

At the close of the service, Mr. Wheeler said, with a roguish smile, 'If you did not look upon yourself as "too old" to go to Sunday-school, I would invite you into my class of young men.' Frank understood what he meant and was too embarrassed to say more than: 'Why—I—I did not think of staying.' 'But do,' said the son, who had not been let into the secret, 'father is just joking, for of course no sensible boy, or man, ever looks upon himself as too old to study the Bible.'

Frank looked very foolish, but allowed himself to be led into the Sunday-school room by Dr. Wheeler, who innocently added, as he seated himself next to Frank in his father's Bible class: 'Yes, the Sunday-school is one from which we can never graduate. I have attended all my life and I always expect to, for I feel as if I was still in the infant class in my knowledge of the Book of books, which is so sadly neglected by many.'

At the close of Sunday-school Frank said very humbly to Mr. Wheeler, his employer: 'I have made up my mind that I am not too old to be a Sunday-school scholar, but I have lost so much time I am too ignorant to enter your class.' 'Never mind,' said Mr. Wheeler heartily, 'I shall be pleased to have you as a member of my class, and with lesson helps and a determined spirit you can accomplish wonders and make up for lost time.'

A few weeks later Frank's parents received a letter, which greatly rejoiced their hearts. They had gathered from former ones that their absent boy was coming to a sense of his comparative insignificance in the world, and that some unseen power was bringing him to a realization of his own littleness, but the why of it was explained when he wrote: 'Perhaps everybody at home will laugh at me for all my foolish speeches about Sunday-school, when I tell you that I am getting so much interested in it that I look upon myself as a life member.'

He also candidly confessed how he came to go into the Sunday-school, and then went on to say: 'I do not know how I should get on without it, but as it is, with church and Sunday-school and study of next Sunday's lessons, the day, once dreaded, is gone all too soon,' adding: 'What a fool I was at home to look upon myself as "too old" to go to Sunday-school.'

When Mr. Wilson read the letter aloud he said, wiping his eyes: 'Thank God! I thought seeing worth, humility and Christianity so beautifully combined as they are in the Wheeler family would be an eye-opener to the boy.'—'The North and West.'

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

Q Stands for Queer; so felt poor Dick,
When once he drank some Claret.
'Please throw it out,' he said, 'I'm sick,
Hereafter I can't bear it.'

Quarrels often end in blows and wounds. People who are drunk are apt to quarrel. Let us all hate rum, which is the cause of so many quarrels.

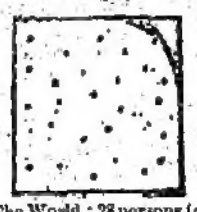
R For that dreadful thing called Rum,
Which sets so many sighing;
It drives folk out of house and home,
And leaves the children crying.

Rum is a very bad kind of strong drink. It makes those who take it more like beasts than men. The Bible says, 'Strong drink is raging.' It makes people sick and crazy.

ROOM TO GROW IN.

When we think of the vast throngs that people our little earth we are likely to feel somewhat crowded. The present population of the world is about 1,480,000,000. This, however, is very unevenly distributed. In the world at large there are twenty-eight persons to the square mile, while in

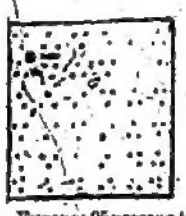
Belgium: 536 persons to the square mile.



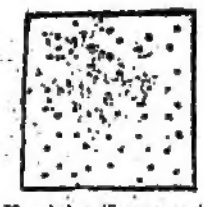
The World; 28 persons to the square mile.

that close-packed little nation, Belgium, people are squeezed in at the rate of 536 persons to the square mile, and they don't touch elbows either.

A study of the Continental diagrams below will prove interesting.

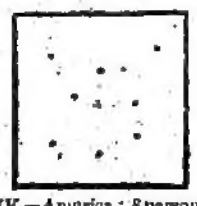


I.—Europe; 95 persons to the square mile.

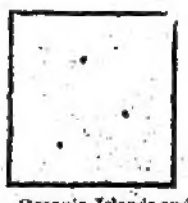


II.—Asia; 48 persons to the square mile.

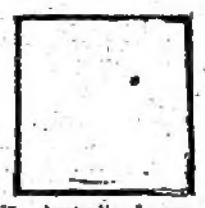
III.—Africa; 15 persons to the square mile.



IV.—America; 8 persons to the square mile.



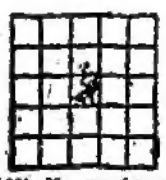
V.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions; 3 persons to the square mile.



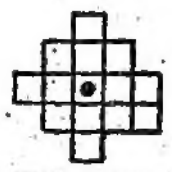
VI.—Australia; 1 person to the square mile.

While Europe is more than three times as densely peopled as the average surface of this globe, America has less than one-third its share of folks, and an Australian must feel lonely indeed.

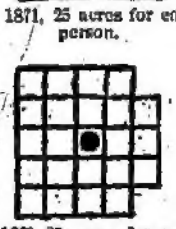
But there is another matter to consider—a most important matter. The earth is growing more crowded. Look at the second series of diagrams, and tremble. In 1871 every man, woman and child of us was lord (on an average—if he could only strike the aver-



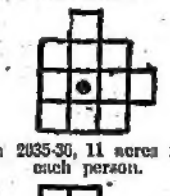
In 1871, 25 acres for each person.



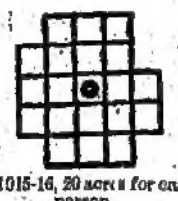
In 1937-83, 14 acres for each person.



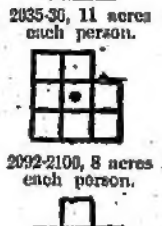
In 1881, 23 acres for each person.



In 2035-36, 11 acres for each person.

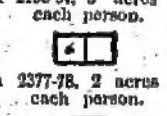


In 1915-16, 20 acres for each person.

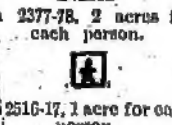


In 2092-2100, 8 acres for each person.

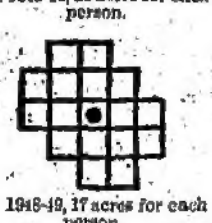
In 2193-94, 5 acres for each person.



In 2377-78, 2 acres for each person.



In 2516-17, 1 acre for each person.



In 1948-49, 17 acres for each person.

age) of 25 acres of land. But the world's population is increasing at the rate of five persons to the thousand per annum, so that by 1881 my domain and yours had shrunk to 23 acres, and if we live till 1916 we must be content with 20 acres each, and glad to get that. And then the poor folks of 2517, 'cabined, cribbed, confined!' Their cats must grow short tails, since they will have only an acre to swing them in. However, much can be done with an acre, especially if one happens to be a Chinaman, and understands microscopic farming. And then—as Professor Schooling, who got up these diagrams, remarks—by that time the human race will have learned to live in the air; and, he might have added, to live on air also.—'Golden Rule.'

MY EXPERIENCE, OR WHY I TITHE MY INCOME.

By FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY,

National Evangelist in the W. C. T. U. and Assistant Superintendent of Proportionate and Systematic Giving Department.

Shall I tell you? Well, I began when young, on this wise: I read an article on the subject of benevolence that deeply impressed me with a sense of my duty and privilege in the use of money. I was a poor girl in Wheaton College, earning my way through school, in part, and borrowing a little to help me on, when necessary. When a good cause was presented at church, if I had a few pennies they went into the offering basket. Otherwise I felt justified in not giving what I didn't have. When I did give a few cents I often grudged them (mind you, I am going to tell you an honest tale), and generally put my contribution in because of the looks of the thing. Wasn't I a church member? A leader of the girls' prayer-circle? A testifier in the students' prayer-meetings? I really had to put in something on the occasions referred to, for the sake of decency.

But when the truth that 'the tithe is the Lord's' came to my soul, I yielded intellectually and spiritually to the logic of the Bible teaching, and informed my blessed Christian roommate of my new-born purpose. Now Mary was my mentor, my ideal of a conscientious young woman, and she wasn't rich, either. Didn't we wash dishes and mix bread dough for part of our board expenses at the club table?

Mary looked a little sober, and said, 'Well, Fannie, I won't stand in your way, but, dear, you have no health, no means, and are not likely to have much to tithe. Be sure you're right, then go ahead.' I was pretty sure, so I said: 'Here's my earthly all at the present hour, my dearie; twenty-five cents; I'll begin on that. Not to be stingy with my Lord's Box I'll call this tenth three whole cents. Here's an old pocket-book to hold it. I've launched forth on the sea of my newly discovered duty. So here goes!'

The next day (Sabbath) I heard a call for a State Missionary contribution. It was humiliating to put in but three cents. But in they went, and with more prayer than ever the mission cause had gotten from my young heart before.

I earned but a very little money each week, and tithing it did seem a little of a trial for a time, but I prayed earnestly for the approval of the Master, and the visible assurance of it among my mates, for the honor of His truth.

One day things looked very serious financially, and Mary said: 'Are you sure, dear, that you ought to have given that last offering?' Now, Mary was generous indeed, but was deeply concerned for my prosperity. I went down on my knees for a few minutes, and then hurried to the post-office. There I found a letter from an old friend of my mother's in Boston, saying she had often wondered how I was getting on, and had been led to enclose a cheque for $25, to help me in my schooling. How I praised the Father of the fatherless! Stopping at the store I tithed the gift in the purchase of an article Mary very much needed, as my visible proof that the Lord meant me to tithe. She tearfully rejoiced with me and ever after encouraged me in all true and holy plans for my Lord's Box.

The next fall term brought me a letter from a distant well-read relative, who said: 'If you will write a magazine article for my criticism, I'll reward you.' I did so. It had the criticism it evidently needed, but with that came a fifty-dollar cheque toward my education. This gift was repeated twice, later. Do you wonder that when I taught school my salary was tithed? Or, is it strange that when I became a gospel evangelist, before I was twenty-four years old, I continued to tithe my income? As I have prayerfully avoided all money-raising schemes in my work, I have had a comparatively small income. But, after deducting my travelling expenses, which I found it necessary to do, I have for twenty-one years tithed all the remainder of my earnings. Having been homeless, I have paid board bills when resting, pretty generally. Having never seen a well day till the past summer, during which I have trusted and been healed, my rests have been frequent and expensive. But I have been able to keep girls and boys in school, to give to foreign and home missions, and the loved W. C. T. U. work, to many poor and needy individuals, and always without the reluctance and sense of unwillingness once felt. In truth, when a Nebraska fellow-worker found by some accident that I had no income beyond that of my gospel labors, she cried, 'Why, my sister, the general impression in the state is that you are wealthy!' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because, you seem to have something to give on most occasions, and do it without hesitancy.'

When I told her a few items in my history, and some of the absolutely hard places I had been through, of my frequent prayer of faith for daily bread and means to meet my great expenses, she asked if I had ever regretted my tithing plan. 'No,' I answered, 'for the tithe is the Lord's. It is not my own. If I obey and give back that to Him (at least the tenth—though I often add free will offerings), He has promised to see that I do not suffer need. I am a stockholder, you see, in so many Christian enterprises, that I am really rich!'

Do you not see, friends, by tithing, a woman who sells ten cents' worth of eggs has one cent for her Lord's Box; or if she sells fifty cents' worth of butter she has five cents for her box? Or if she takes a few boarders she can tithe their board money after deducting a part for actual cost of her investments, though many claim to be more blessed by not deducting from their gross money receipts. Every one as he or she purposeth in the heart. It must be a heart matter. And, oh, there's such a joy in tithing!

Many women have no money of their own, taking for their personal expenses whatever their husbands give (?) them.

Really, I imagine 'the men folks' would enjoy a new departure in the matter of dividing with their wives the income of farm, or shop, or office. For a housekeeper's rights, rather a home-maker's rights, are in a measure financial. These men do not mean to be narrow or unjust. They simply haven't been stirred up about it.

Sisters, gently, sweetly, but positively rise up and stir! Remember, every member of the household has an individual heart to yield to Christ, an individual church membership—if any at all—an individual responsibility and privilege, and ought to have—be it ever so tiny—an individual purse for income and gifts received. Only by being just to ourselves can we be truly just to Him who bought us at so great a price.

INSURANCE AND TEMPERANCE.

At a recent meeting of the Actuarial Society of America Mr. Emory McClintock, actuary of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, read a very interesting paper on the 'Use and Non-Use of Alcoholic Beverages' and their effect on longevity. He says:—

'Upon those who on entering stated that they abstained from alcoholic beverages the maximum expected loss was $5,455,669, and the actual loss was $4,251,050. Upon those who stated otherwise the maximum expected loss was $9,829,462, and the actual loss was $9,469,407. The abstainers show, therefore, a death loss of seventy-eight percent of the maximum and the non-abstainers ninety-six percent.'

The same authority also says:—

'The non-abstainers heretofore discussed include a certain proportion of men who stated on entering that they drank "beer only." The total maximum expected loss upon this class was ninety-four percent, against ninety-six percent first found for non-abstainers generally and seventy-eight percent found for the abstainers.

'It is widely believed that the drinking of spirits short of intoxication is less injurious than the drinking of beer, and there is nothing in these results to the contrary. It is the danger of falling into a habit of intoxication that makes spirit drinking the more formidable of the two; while undoubtedly the habit of drinking either beer, wine or spirits, beyond a certain medical limit, not well defined, because it cannot be the same for all constitutions and is usually exceeded by those who drink at all, tends in many cases toward disease. Finally, it may be questioned very seriously whether the physicians should not fix their limit of safety for any individual at a lower point for beer, measuring by alcoholic contents, than for spirits; that is to say, whether there is not an injurious element in beer apart from the alcohol which it contains.'

Mr. McClintock, in closing his report, says, among other things:—

'There is no reason to distrust the general result of this investigation. It coincides with all previous reasonable belief and expectation. * * * It does not show that all of those who drink heavily must therefore necessarily die prematurely. It does show, however, that there is enough injury done to a sufficient number of individuals to make the death loss distinctly higher on the average.'

Let it be borne in mind that Mr. McClintock is not a 'temperance fanatic,' nor is he even a total abstainer. Nor was the investigation the outgrowth of a mere matter of sentiment, but was prompted solely by a desire to obtain facts to guide the company in a successful prosecution of its business. It is a well known truth that no reliable insurance company will now take risks on the lives of saloon-keepers, gamblers, pugilists, and rarely upon those who habitually use intoxicating liquors as a beverage.—John P. St. John.

THE WRECK OF A SOUL.

Dr. Joseph Cook, in a lecture in Boston some time ago, depicted the wreck of a soul by alcohol, and closed with this impassioned peroration:

'Then came a sigh of the storm, a groaning of waves, a booming of blackness, and a red, crooked thunderbolt shot wrathfully into the suck of the sea where the ship went down.

'And I asked the names of those rocks, and was told: God's stern and immutable laws.

'And I asked the name of that ship, and they said: Immortal Soul.

'And I asked why its crew brought it there, and they said: Their Captain Conscience and Helmsman Reason were dead.

'And I asked how they died, and they said: By one single shot from the Pirate Alcohol; by one charmed ball of Moderate Drinking!

'On this topic over which we sleep, we shall some day cease to dream.'

There isn't a man in the world who will have any trouble about understanding the Bible if he will honestly determine to live the way it tells him to.

SIX BRAVE BOYS.

SIX BRAVE SCHOOL BOYS.

There is, says the New York 'World,' a newly-made hero down in the little post village of Sandy Hook, Conn. He is Stephen Keane, a bright lad of fifteen years old. Stephen has been a valorous boy all his life, but it was not until last Monday that he became a real hero.

He and a party of his classmates from St. Michael's parochial school, at Sandy Hook, on that day went skating on Niantic mill-pond. In the party was Michael Keating, a boy of twelve years. Michael, venturing where the ice was thin, broke through and fell into the water. Stephen Keane cried:

'Form a "life-chain," boys, and we'll save little "Mike" easy!'

Lying flat, face downward, on the ice, he directed one of the boys to lie down as he had and hold tightly on to his ankles. The ankles of this one were in turn grasped by another lad, and so one until a 'life-chain' of six brave boys was formed.

Keane wriggled his way carefully out on the thin ice. Before him was poor Keating struggling for life. Once he went down, and still the first link of the 'life-chain' was crawling slowly on the ice far away. Down he went a second time.

'Hold tight, boys!' cried Keane.

Just as the drowning boy was disappearing for the last time Keane seized his coat.

Crack! went the ice, and the first two links of the 'life-chain' were also in the icy water.

Finally all of the boys were dragged out, the worse only for a wetting.

When a crowd gathered about young Keane and showered praises on him for his forethought and pluck, he only said:

'I read in a newspaper how to do that trick, and I thought I'd try it.'

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

THE 'MESSENGER' BIBLE COMPETITION.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' have much pleasure in announcing the prize winners in their last Bible competition.

At Christmas time we offered six prizes for the best short account of the birth of Christ, and have had in reply one of the largest and most closely contested competitions of the kind we have ever had. There were six prizes offered—two Bibles, two volumes of biography and two subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger.' After careful consideration the prizes have been awarded as follows:

PRIZE WINNERS.

First (Senior) Prize—Cora May Sider, Sherkston, Ont.

Second (Senior) Prize—Florence Stevens, Ellershouse, N.S.

Third (Senior) Prize—W. E. C. Miller, Quebec.

First (Junior) Prize—Oliver Gladstone Steele, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Second (Junior) Prize—Minnie Weir, Spencerville, Ont.

Third (Junior) Prize—Alfa Hoyle, Brougham, Ont.

HONOR ROLLS.

There are also two large lists of names who are entitled to honorable mention. They are as follows:—

Senior Honor Roll.—Lucretius, Felix, Evangeline, Never Give Up, Florence Nightingale, Shamrock, Maple Leaf, Andrew Stewart, Flora Bigall, Penelope, Bessie, Eliza Cook, Bright-eyed Nancy, Snowdrop, A. K. Swallow, Agnes McNeil, Carita Law, Mabel, Elm, Birth of Christ, Rowena, Mary MacKinnon, Jean, Lilac, Liberty Lighthouse, Violet, Marion, F. Weir.

Senior, Special Mention. — Then there are a large number of competitors who, while not quite reaching the 'honor' mark, are well worthy of special mention. They are:—

Mary Nash, Mayflower, Castle Douglas, Jane Sanguins, Senior, Bluebells, Ella Hutchison, Minnie Gilmore, Rosebud, Marguerite, Vera H. Fields, Rachel, Cathaline, Tilena E. Martin, Primrose, Puss Northy, Constant Reader, Snowball, Annie Routledge, Matthew Krauth, Mark Mane, Shamrock, George Atkinson, Frank Fairbank Speedie, Atha, Bijou, Violet, Jas. H. McCauley, Elmira Wilder, Cassie Shaw, Isabel.

Junior Honor List. — Buttercup, Daisy, Truth, Robin, Canada, Rex, Ophelia, Morag, Highland Bess, Trivia, Garnet W. Campbell, Novem, Maple Leaf, Mother's Baby, Rose Mary, White Heather, Aveline, Clansman, First Attempt, Little Roman, Milly, Birth of Christ, School Boy, Robin Hood, Bessie Try, Ira Pierce.

Junior, Special Mention.— Lulu, A Little Saxon, Florence, Jeanette, A. Mack, Napoleon Bonaparte, Daisy Dean, Grace Simpson, Floss, Minta V. Sayles, Amy, Emily Campbell, Fairy Carlton, Star, Vernon, Marjory, Dora, Crusoe, Preston W. Powers, Janie Gale, Eldon, Walter A. McLaren, Henry Kuhl, W. M., Lena Christie Annie O. Latimer, Bess Winter, Hazel, Avon, Ivy Green, Rosebud, Eleanor, Rebecca Warmington, Herbie Drysdale, Trilby, E. A. F., Pearl Legget, Willie Rose, Maud Kirby, May Burgess, Miss Christmas Tree, Mayflower, Lena Proctor, Mary McNee, Peter C. McNee, Little Boy Blue, Mayflower.

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

We give below the essay which won the First (Senior) Prize.

BIRTH OF JESUS.

By Cora May Sider.

Soon after Adam and Eve disobeyed God he promised to send his Son to earth to be the Saviour of the world. This Messiah was prophesied of by many of God's servants. He was to be a descendant of David, and therefore have a right to the Jewish throne. About four thousand years after the creation of Adam this promise was fulfilled.

At this time there lived in Nazareth a holy woman named Mary. One day the angel Gabriel came to her and told her that she was to be the mother of the Messiah, and that she should name the child Jesus. The angel also went to Joseph, a man of Nazareth and told him about it, and that he should take Mary as his wife, which he did.

Caesar, the Roman emperor, who now had possession of Palestine, made a law that everybody should be taxed. All the Jews went to the city of their forefathers for this purpose. Joseph and Mary also went to be taxed, and as they were descendants of David they went to the city of David, or Bethlehem. When they got to Bethlehem there was no room for them in the inn, and they had to go into a stable. While they were there Jesus was born, and he, the King of kings, had for his bed a manger.

The same night that Jesus was born there were some shepherds watching their sheep near Bethlehem, when suddenly there was a great light around them, and an angel stood by them. At first they felt afraid, but the angel told them not to fear, as he brought them the good news that the promised Saviour was born in Bethlehem, and then there came a number of angels and praised God, saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men.'

When the light and the angels were gone the shepherds said they would go and see the Saviour. When they came to Bethlehem they found Jesus in the manger. After they had seen him they returned to their work, praising God and telling all whom they saw the wonderful things they had seen and heard.

When Jesus was about forty days old his parents took him to the temple at Jerusalem to give him to the Lord, as the Jews did with the oldest son. When they came to the temple Simeon, a man of God, whom God had told he should see Christ before he died, said at once that this was Christ. And the prophetess Anna also praised God and said that this was the Saviour.

There were in the East some wise men who had heard from the Jews of the expected Messiah, and they also wer watching for him. These wise men had studied astronomy, and about the time Jesus was born they saw a beautiful star which they had never seen before. They at once thought that this was a sign that the Saviour was born, and started out to find him, taking rich presents with them. When they came to Jerusalem they said, 'Where is he that is born king of the Jews?' When the wicked Herod, who was king of the Jews, heard them talking about this king he was troubled, for he thought perhaps his throne would be in danger. So he asked priests where Jesus was to be born. The ytold him in Bethlehem. He then told the wise men to go and find Jesus, and come and tell him where he was, that he might worship him also.

The wise men went to Bethlehem, the star leading them until it stood over the place where Jesus was. They then worshipped Jesus and gave him their presents and then went home, but they did not go to Herod, as God told them in a dream he only wanted to harm the child. After this Herod tried to kill Jesus, but God told Joseph to go into Egypt, where they were until Herod died, when they returned to Nazareth, where Jesus spent his childhood.

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